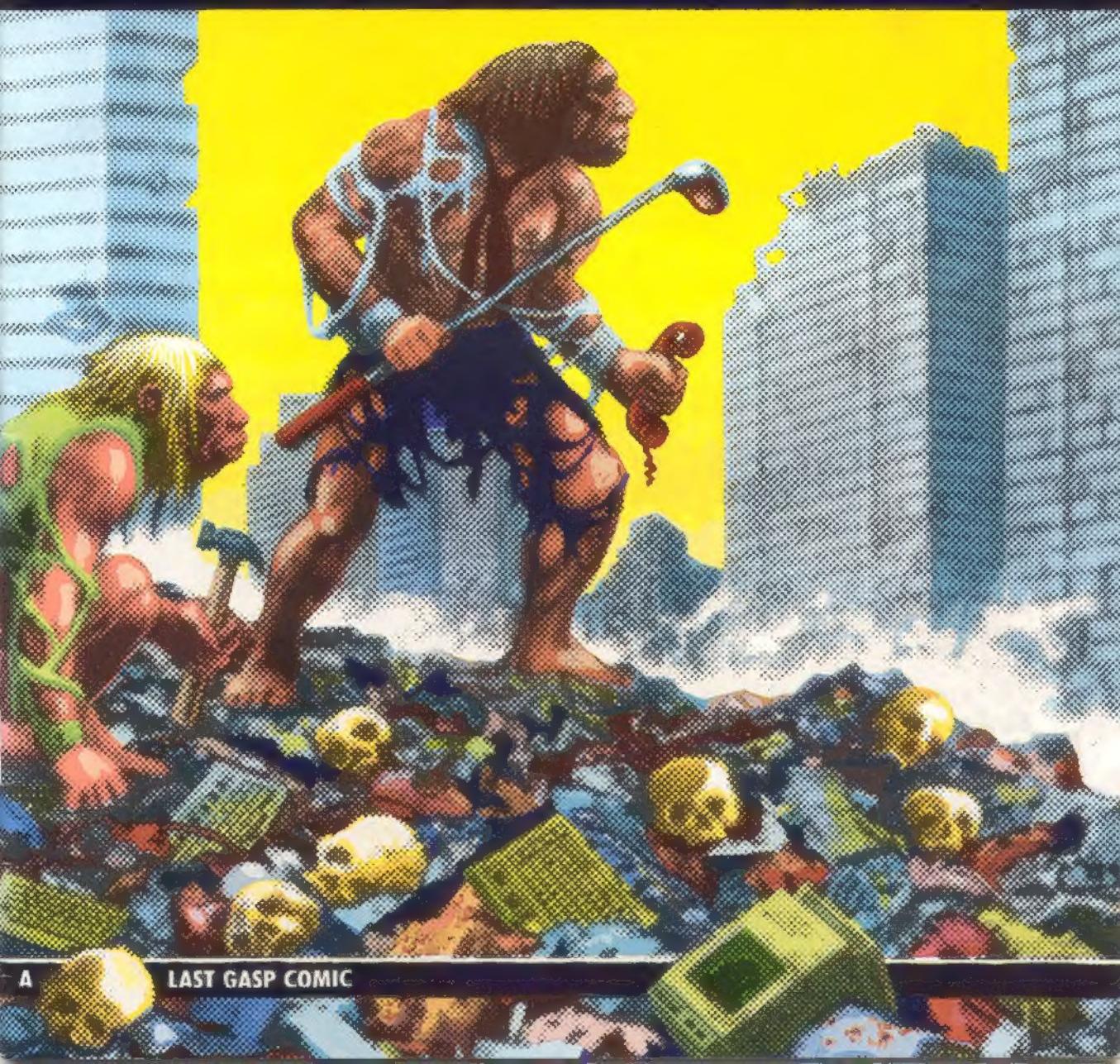


NO. 4
\$2.50

JUST SAY YES TO

ANARCHY

C O M I C S



**THE CONSPIRACY DISTRICT COURT
STAR-CHAMBER: NORTHERN DISTRICT OF ECO-TOPIA**

**THE CONSPIRACY,
Plaintiff,
v.
ARCHY COMICS COLLECTIVE,
Defendants.**

CRIMINAL CASE NO. 666
VIOLATIONS:
T.C.C. 13013—CONSPIRACY TO PRODUCE
AND POSSESS WITH INTENT TO
DISTRIBUTE ANARCHY COMICS No. 4.
T.C.C. 999-[x]—PRODUCTION OF
ILLEGAL: POLITICAL HUMOR,
AUTONOMOUS AGITATION, AND SILLY
PROPAGANDA AGAINST THE STATE.
T.C.C. 1984(a)87—AIDING AND
ABETTING THOUGHT CRIME

INDICTMENT

The STAR CHAMBER charges: T H A T

Beginning at a time unknown to the Star Chamber, but not later than July 1987, in the Northern District of Eco-topia and elsewhere in the northern hemisphere,

THE ANARCHY COMICS COLLECTIVE.

defendants herein, knowingly and intentionally did combine to conspire, and agree with each other with the intent to promote the carrying on of such unlawful activity as FREE SPEECH, IRREVERENT HUMOR, MOCKING OF GOVERNMENTAL BENEVOLENCE, SATIRIZING OUR SACRED LEADERS, and GENERALLY CARRYING ON LIKE A PACK OF UNRESTRAINED, FOOLISH CARTOONISTS, and what is more, NOT CARING ONE BIT ABOUT THE MASSIVE AMOUNT OF PAPERWORK IT WILL TAKE TO DEAL WITH THEM, knowing that their work was designed in whole, or in part, to make fun of, criticize, or offer alternatives to the magnificent rule of infallible law, the just and proper deification of property rights above human rights, and the common relief from personal responsibility that the blessed Conspiracy has deemed fit to grant us.

OVERT ACTS

In furtherance of their thought crime, and to obtain the ends thereof, the following overt acts, among others, were committed by the defendants, to wit:

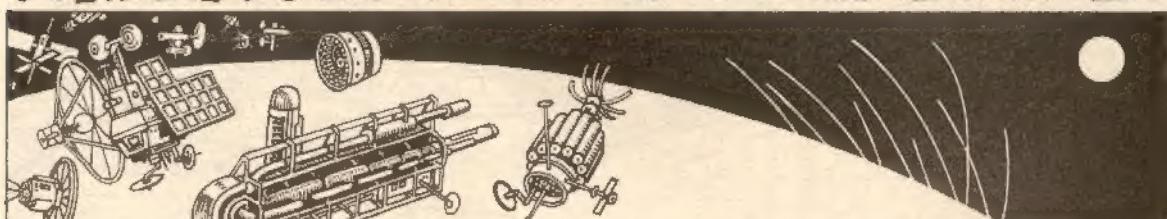
1. **MELINDA GEBBIE**, defendant herein, in or about the city of London, England, did comment on the seizure and destruction of her artwork by Conspiracy Authorities in the Knockabout Comics trial.
 2. **NORMAN DOG**, defendant herein, did propose an anti-social, alternative plan for domination of the globe, and attacked the present world food distribution control system.
 3. **SPAIN**, defendant herein, did tell the forbidden, true history of the Paris Commune, in defiance of the Ministry of Truth's adjusted revision.
 4. **HAL ROBINS**, defendant herein, did defend the right of the individual to hold personal standards of autonomy against those of The State, and defied Conspiracy limitations on the proper amount of detail allowed on a single, printed page.
 5. **R. DIGGS**, defendant herein, did critique the holy, evolutionary/economic theories that have placed ownership of the planet into the proper guiding hands and brought our grateful citizens so many wonderful consumer goods.
 6. **S. ZORCA**, defendant herein, did write a pithy, little tale on what these thought criminals would like you to believe about the way party leaders are selected in our best of all possible worlds. The Conspiracy assures us that free elections will be held well within the next ten years.
 7. **CLIFF HARPER**, defendant herein, did repeat the story of an assault against agents of the Conspiracy by an unadjusted individual.
 8. **BYRON WERNER**, defendant herein, did make a snide, uncalled for comment on our ability to handle the advanced technology that our new allies from Regulus 8 will trade us, in return for our help in the Third Arm Galactic Conflict with the evil Andromedean Socialist Empire.
 9. **PAUL MAVRIDES** and **JAY KINNEY**, defendants herein, did commit High Crimes of Heresy and Treason in criticizing our glorious State Theology and the fabulous Nuclear Shield that protects us all from the doomed unbelievers and heathen barbarians waiting just outside the gate. **MAVRIDES** was also responsible for the front and back covers, typical of the graphics that we have come to expect from his ilk.

WINSTON P. SMITH
Conspiracy Attorney

YOU THINK YOU'RE PARANOID? GET A LOAD OF **BUD TUTTLE!** HE'S LIVING UNDERGROUND WITH A TEN-YEAR SUPPLY OF GRANOLA—WAITING FOR THE "BIG ONE" TO BREAK OUT!! IN THE MEANTIME HE'S KEEPING TRACK OF THE ACTION WITH HIS BLACK BOX SATELLITE DISH. ONLY 1200 CHANNELS TO CHOOSE FROM!



ARMAGEDDON OUTTAHERE!



BLEEP! SPACE DEFENSE SIMULATION
#293 COMPLETED, 1700 HRS. THANK YOU!

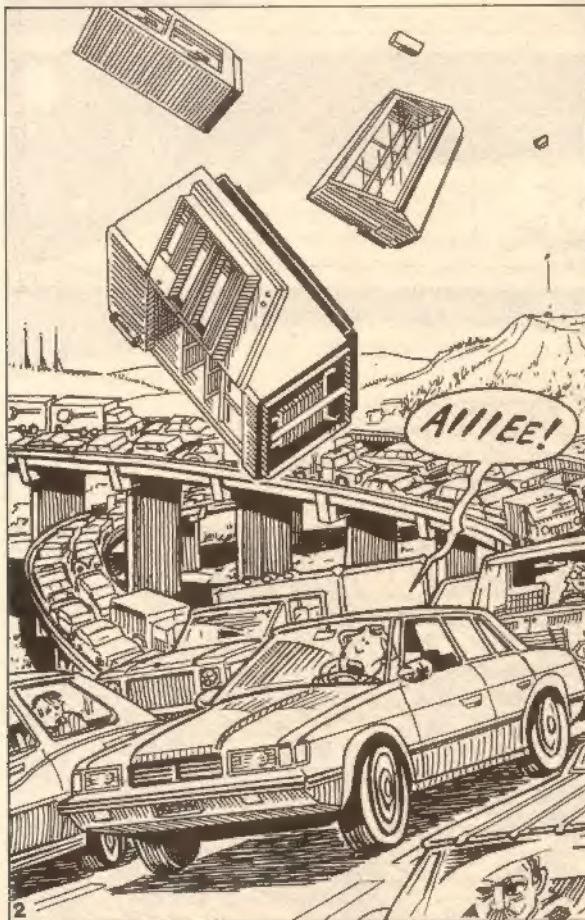
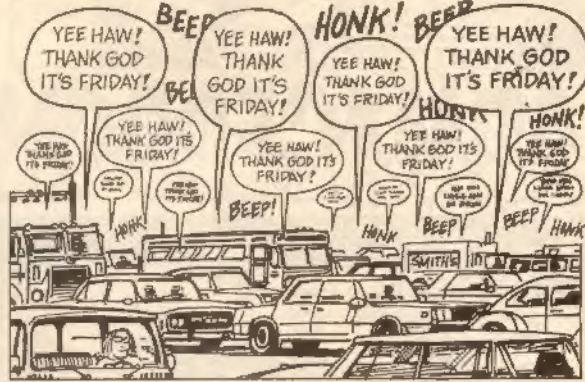
SHEESH!
THIS STUFF
COULDN'T
KNOCK DOWN
A FLY!

- AH, WHO
CARES, ANYWAY?
HAVE A GOOD
WEEKEND, DRITZ!

DRITZ BODKIN
HAS A GOOD JOB
TESTING THE SPACE
CASE DEFENSE
SYSTEM DOWN AT
THE MARTIN LUTHER
KING U.S. MISSLE
RESEARCH LAB.

DRITZ LIVES
NEXT DOOR TO
BUD TUTTLE

YOU'D THINK IT WOULD WORK
AT LEAST ONCE IN AWHILE!
WE MIGHT AS WELL USE
SQUIRTGUNS!



THE PENTAGON ANNOUNCED
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL TEST
OF THE "STAR WARS"
DEFENSE SYSTEM TODAY...
COMING UP: A VISIT TO
A WORM FARM, AFTER THIS—



FRIENDS! YOU CAN HELP MY
666 CRUSADE — I MAY BE
THE ANTI-CHRIST BUT
MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON
FLAMING BUSHES! WE
NEED YOUR DOLLARS TO
STAY ON THE AIR AND—



...FIGHT THE BEAST WITH
PROGRAMMING LIKE THIS!
SO REMEMBER, SEND
ALL YOUR MONEY TO ME.
JESUS! THAT'S JESUS—
BOX 999, HOLLYWOOD, CA
90136...



...OH YEAH! MONEY DOESN'T
BUY EVERYTHING IT'S TRUE!
BUT WHAT IT DON'T—
I CAN'T USE!
GIMMEE MONNEYYY!!



WELL, ELAINE, AIR-BREATHING
TERRORISTS SET OFF A RUSH-
HOUR RIOT TONIGHT ON
THE EAST FREEWAY WHEN
THEY LAUNCHED A FLOCK
OF REFRI ~~~~~~



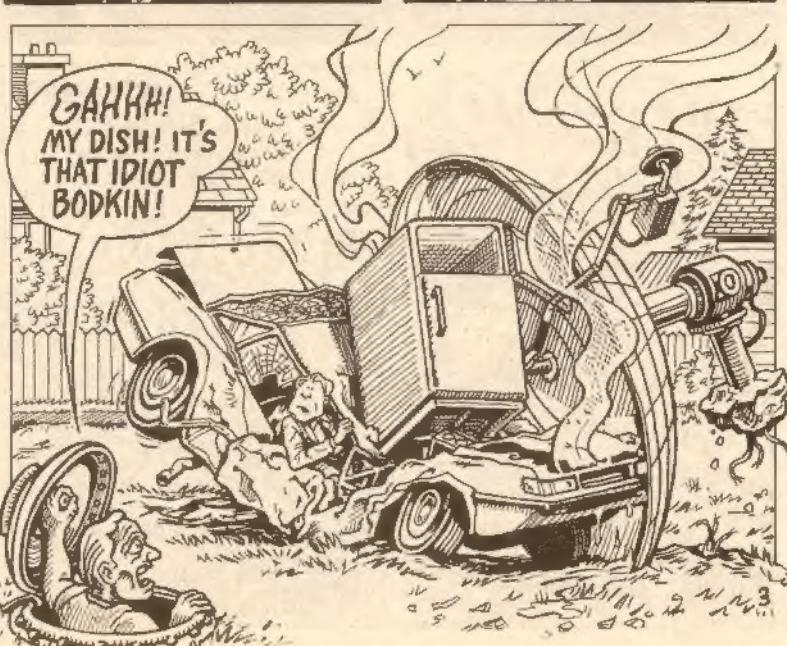
BTW!!!!
WHAT THE HELL?
MY TV!!



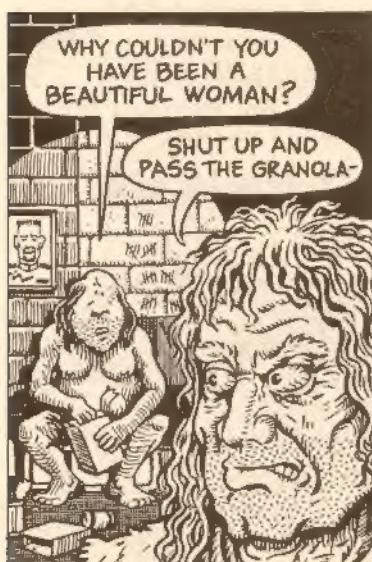
MUMBLE
MUTTER-TUO
TIME THIS
MONTH BET
THE KIDS AGAIN!
GRIMBLE
GRIP!



GAHHH!
MY DISH! IT'S
THAT IDIOT
BODKIN!

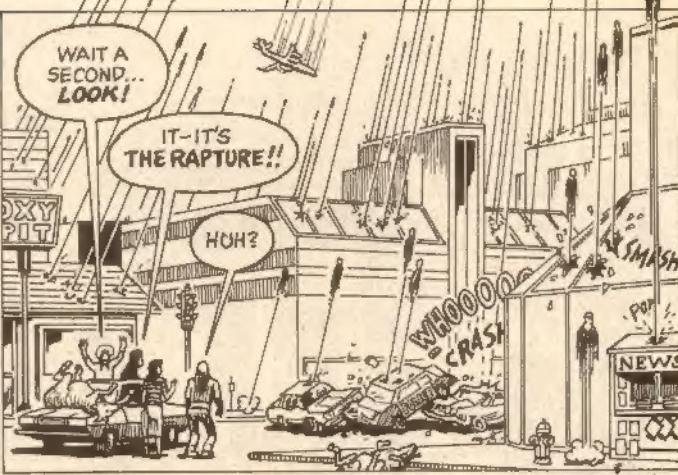




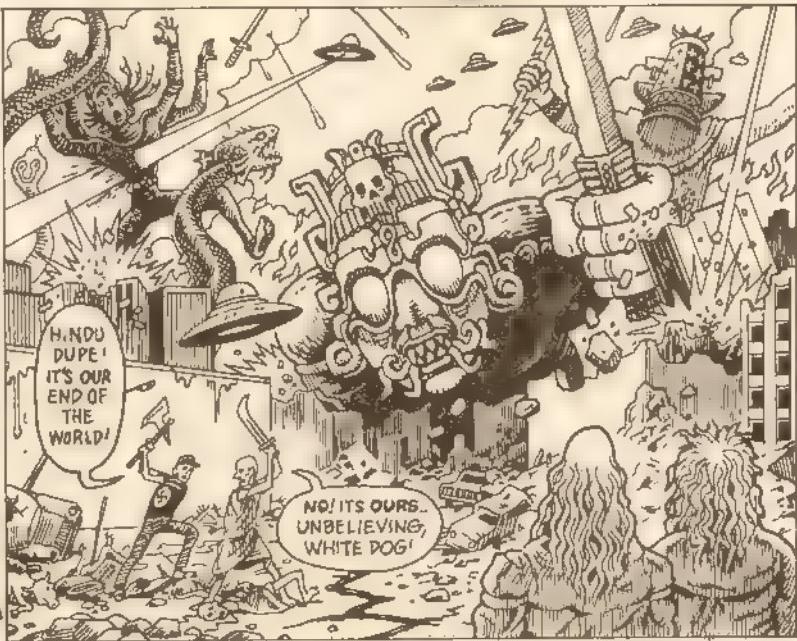












**ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 3
1982 TEENAGER JIMMY
HEATHER-HAYES HURLED
TWO PETROL BOMBS INTO
THE LOCAL POLICE
STATION IN THE WEST
LONDON SUBURB OF
TEDDINGTON. THE BLAST
AND FLAMES CAUSED
MINIMAL DAMAGE AND
INJURED NO ONE.**

Clifford Harper









ALTHOUGH HE ESCAPED
INTO THE DARKNESS THE
COPS HAD NO TROUBLE
TRACKING HIM DOWN AND
CHARGING HIM WITH
ARSON AND INTENT TO
ENDANGER LIFE. THE
YOUNG ANARCHIST POET
SPENT THE NEXT FOUR
MONTHS IN A SOLITARY
CELL WAITING TO GO FOR
TRIAL.

I'M LOCKED UP IN HERE WITH
TWO HUNDRED OF MY KIND
REJECTS OF THE SYSTEM,
REJECTS OF THE MIND.
RESTRICTION OF THE FREEDOM
IT CUTS LIKE A KNIFE CRUSHING
ME SLOWLY EATING UP MY LIFE
THE CELL'S WALLS ENCLOSE
CUTTING OUT THE LIGHT I FEEL
MYSELF CRACKING I KNOW THIS
ISN'T RIGHT BUT I DECLARED
WAR ON A SYSTEM WITH NO

HEART AND NOW IT HAS
DECIDED I NO LONGER PLAY
A PART
ALL YOU LOT OUT THERE DON'T
MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE THAT
REVOLUTION GLORY IT'S ALL A
BLOODY FAKE KNOW THE
SYSTEM BEFORE YOU FIGHT IT
SUSS OUT WHAT IT'S LIKE
TILL THEN JUST BIDE YOUR
TIME WAIT BEFORE YOU
STRIKE.

ON JULY 6 A JUDGE AT
LONDONS OLD BAILEY
FOUND JIMMY GUILTY,
SENDING HIM BACK TO JAIL
TO WAIT FOR THE
SENTENCE. THE NEXT DAY,
LOCKED IN HIS CELL, JIMMY
COMMITTED SUICIDE.

HANGING FROM THE
RAFTERS ON A GREASY
ROPE
WHEN THEY READ YOUR
NOTE THEY SAY HE
COULDNT COPE
LIFE AIN'T A GAME, THEY
RECKON, FOR THE WEAK
CORPSE ON A ROPE WAS
JUST ANOTHER FREAK

JIMMY HEATHER HAYES
ASHFORD PRISON 1982

Choose-Your-Own-Cartoon!

YOU RULE THE WORLD!

© 1987 Norman Dog

START HERE.

BUT HOW
DO I GO
ABOUT RULING
THE WORLD?
BY FORCE?
OR BY SHEER
GENIUS?



IF BY FORCE, PANEL 3 - IF NOT, 2.

2 IN YOUR LABORATORY...

PERHAPS I CAN
INVENT A SERUM
TO GIVE ME
ETERNAL LIFE!!



IF YES, PANEL 4 · IF NO, PANEL 5.

3

I WANT



THAT'S
IT! I'LL JOIN
THE MILITARY...
THEN TAKE
OVER THE
GOVERNMENT!

4 2735 YEARS LATER...

I'M BORED
WITH LIFE! TIME
TO END IT
ALL!

MINI
H-BOMB



IF YES, PANEL 8, IF NO PANEL 6.

GOTO PANEL 21.

5

OH NO!
IT'S ACTUALLY
A POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE!!

GO TO PANEL 21.

6

SUDDENLY, A FRIEND CALLS...

WANT TO
JOIN ME ON A
TWO WEEK,
ALL-EXPENSES-
PAID VACATION
IN EUROPE?

IF YES, PANEL 10 - NO, PANEL 7

7

SORRY.
I'VE DECIDED
TO RUN FOR
PRESIDENT!
HAVE FUN!

GO TO PANEL 9.

8

LATER...

AN OFFICER HAS LOCKED
HIM /HER SELF IN A NUKE
SILO, AND THREATENS TO
BLOW IT UP, IF WE DON'T DO
AS HE/SHE SAYS, MR/S
PRESIDENT!

BLAST
HIM/HER
OUT!

GO TO PANEL 21.

9

THREE YEARS LATER...

- HAS COME FROM NOWHERE
TO HAVING A GOOD CHANCE
AT WINNING THE ELECTION!
CAN HE/SHE DO IT?!

IF YES, PANEL 11, IF NO, PANEL 12.

10

AT THE AIRPORT, YOUR FRIEND SAYS

. ACTUALLY, I'M A
LIBYAN TERRORIST
ON A SUICIDE
MISSION!

MINI
H
BOMB

GO TO PANEL 21.

11 AFTER THE ELECTION...

..I HEREBY DECLARE AMERICA A PACIFISTIC ANARCHISTIC UTOPIA! GEE, I WONDER IF THIS WILL UPSET THE MILITARY?



IF YES, PANEL 8, IF NO, 12.

13 AFTER THE ELECTION...

HELL, IF I CAN'T BE PRESIDENT, I'LL DEFECT TO RUSSIA!



GO TO PANEL 16

15 YOU DECIDE...

WE MUST TAKE ANY STEPS NECESSARY TO HALT THE ENEMY!

NO'



GO TO PANEL 21.

12 IN FACT, HOWEVER...

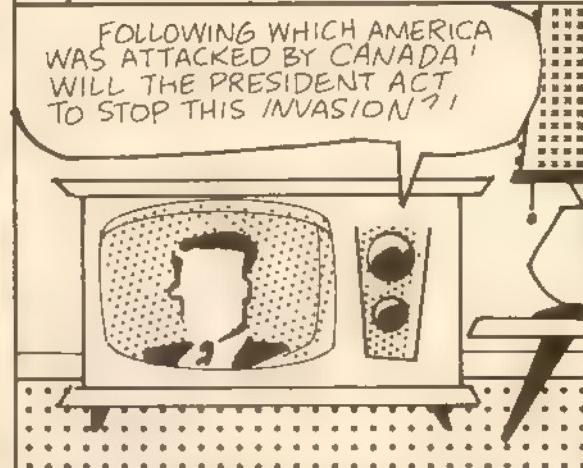
THE ENTIRE ARMED FORCES ARE SO INSPIRED BY YOUR PLAN, THEY ARE VOLUNTARILY DISBANDING!



GO TO PANEL 14.

14 THREE DAYS LATER...

FOLLOWING WHICH AMERICA WAS ATTACKED BY CANADA! WILL THE PRESIDENT ACT TO STOP THIS INVASION?!



IF YES, PANEL 15... IF NO, 17.

16 LATER, IN RUSSIA...

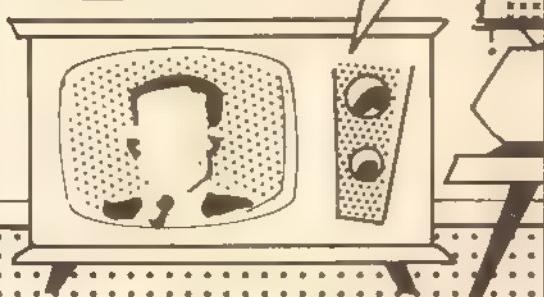
WELCOME, COMRADE! YOU WILL WORK HERE AS SAFETY OFFICER IN OUR CLEAN, SAFE, MODERN NUCLEAR POWER STATION!!



GO TO PANEL 21.

17. SUDDENLY...

BUT WAIT! ALL FIGHTING HAS CEASED, WITH THE SIGHTING OF ALIEN UFO'S AT THE NATION'S CAPITAL!



CONTINUE TO PANEL 18.

19. ON BOARD THE ALIEN SHIP...

NICE SHIP!
WHAT DOES THIS
BUTTON DO?

EEK!



GO TO PANEL 21.

21. SUDDENLY...

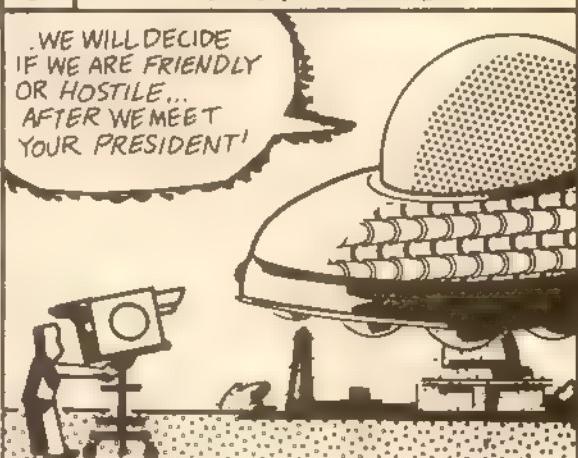
EEK!



THE END!

18. THE ALIENS ANNOUNCE...

WE WILL DECIDE
IF WE ARE FRIENDLY
OR HOSTILE...
AFTER WE MEET
YOUR PRESIDENT!

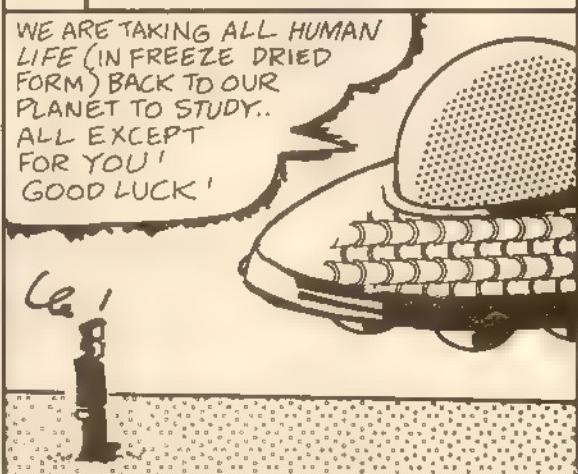


FRIENDLY? PANEL 19. HOSTILE, 20

20. THE ALIENS DECIDE...

WE ARE TAKING ALL HUMAN
LIFE (IN FREEZE DRIED
FORM) BACK TO OUR
PLANET TO STUDY...
ALL EXCEPT
FOR YOU!
GOOD LUCK!

EEK!



GO TO PANEL 22.

22. LATER...

AT LAST
I RULE
THE
WORLD!
HA HA HA!

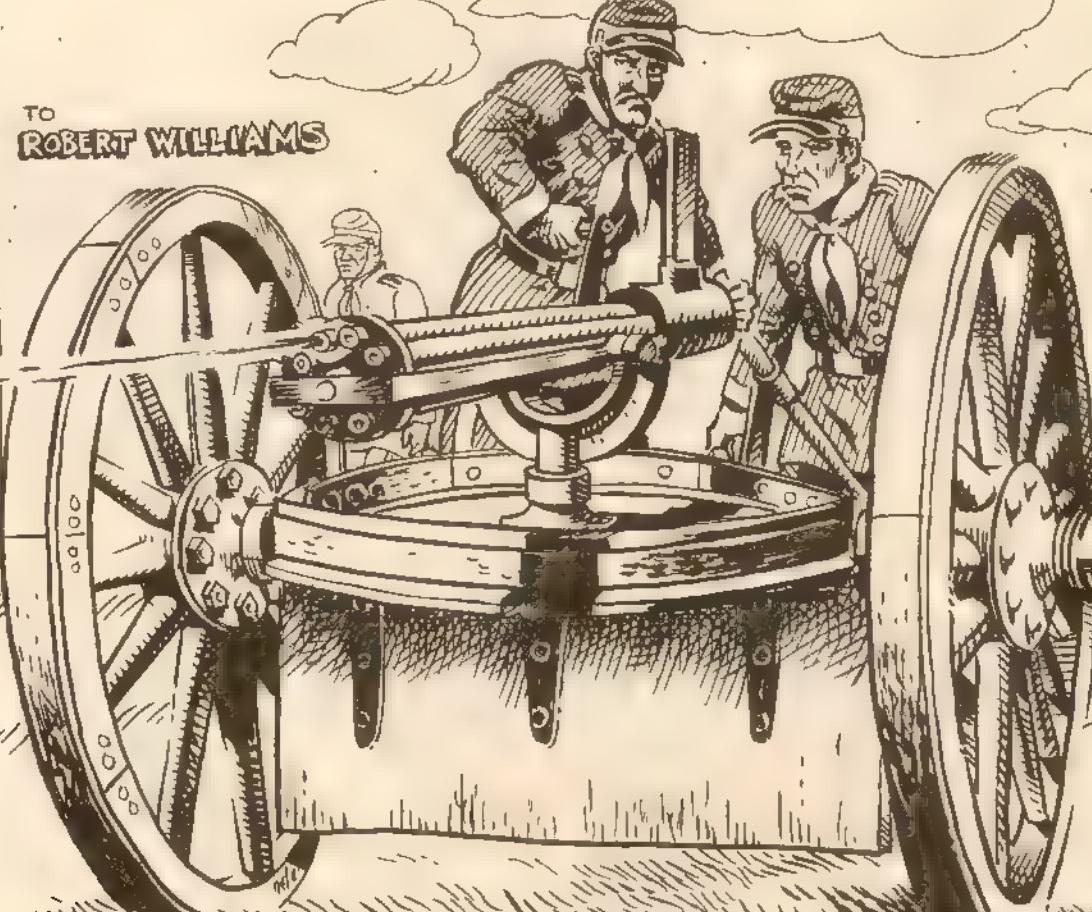


THE END!

1871

TO
ROBERT WILLIAMS

© ERIK SPAIN



THEIR EMPEROR TOLD THEM THAT THEY WOULD DRINK CHAMPAGNE IN BERLIN
NOW THE FRENCH ARMY FACED THE GERMANS ON ITS OWN SOIL...

ON A LATE SUMMER DAY PROFESSOR GATLING'S GUN STOOD ON A HILL AMONG THE ARTILLERY AT SEDAN

THK THK THK

PLA
BOOM

PLA
BLAM

THEY'RE
BREAKING
THROUGH OUR
LINES

IT IS AS I TOLD
THAT IDIOT CAPITAINE,
THIS NEW MACHINE
IS USELESS AT
LONG RANGE

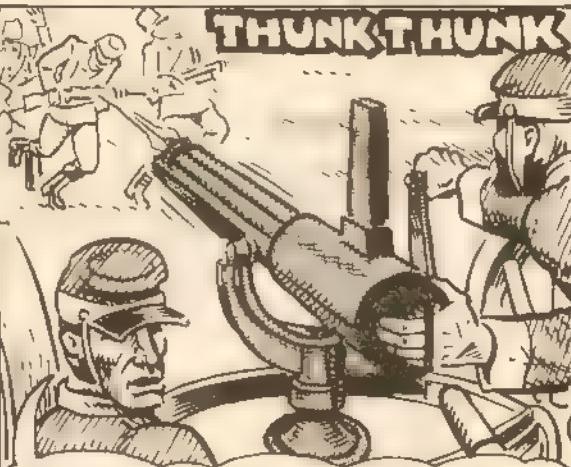
THUNK
THUNK
THUNK



SEEING THAT THE BATTLE IS LOST, THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III TRIES VAINLY TO DIE IN BATTLE



THUNK THUNK



WERE ALMOST SURROUNDED, IF WE DONT GET OUT OF HERE, WELL BE GUESTS OF THE PRUSSIANS

COWARDS! YOU ARE
ABANDONING YOUR
POST

BUT MON CAPITaine ALL OF
THE OTHERS HAVE ALREADY
FLED AND...

I DID NOT ASK FOR
YOUR COMMENTS

SOLDIERS
OF FRANCE
NEVER RET...
U MPH

AFTER DAYS OF DODGING PRUSSIAN PATROLS JACQUES AND RAYMOND
ARRIVE IN PARIS

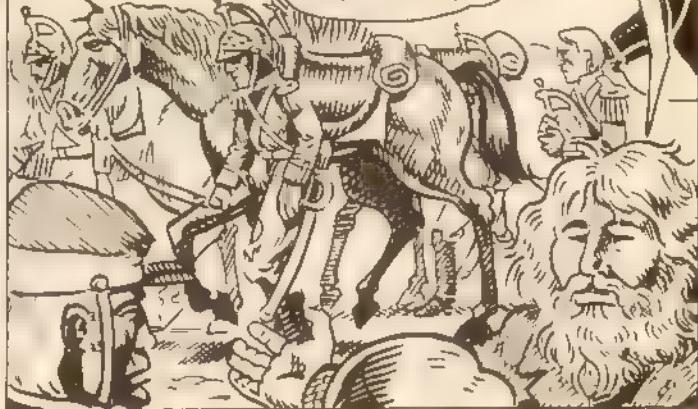
RAYMOND!

JACQUES WAS INTRODUCED TO RAYMOND'S BOHEMIAN CIRCLE



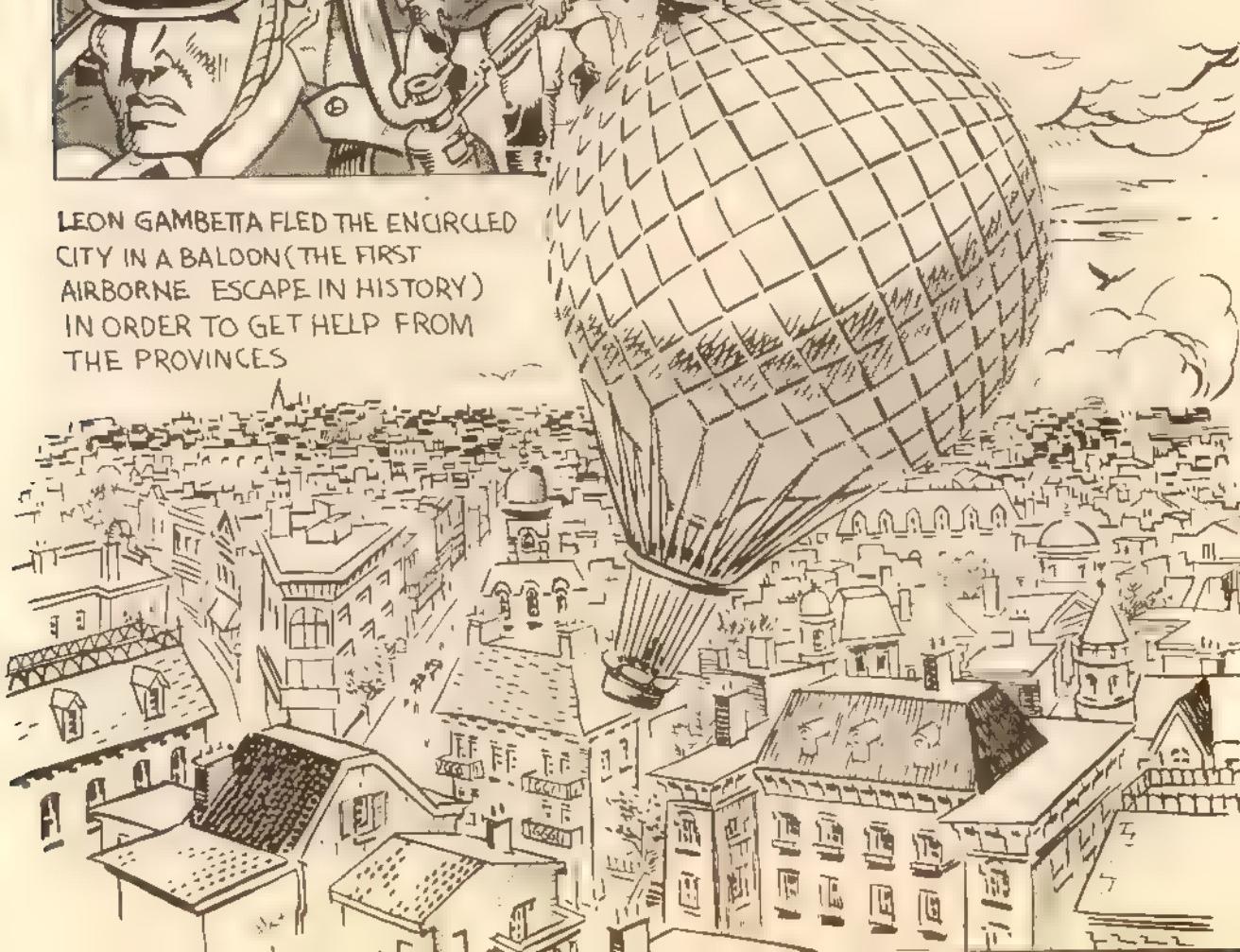
... AND THEN CAPITAINE LA FLEUR SAYS, "I DID NOT ASK FOR YOUR COMMENTS..."

THE LATEST RUMORS WERE RELATED BY RAOUL
THEY HAVE BEEN STREAMING IN FOR DAYS. IT
IS SAID THE EMPEROR HAS BEEN CAPTURED



LEON GAMBETTA FLED THE ENCIRCLED CITY IN A BALLOON (THE FIRST AIRBORNE ESCAPE IN HISTORY) IN ORDER TO GET HELP FROM THE PROVINCES

THE EMPIRE HAD FALLEN AS THE PRUSSIANS CLOSED IN ON PARIS...



THE DISCUSSIONS WERE HEATED
IN THE CAFES OF PARIS

AND INDEED THERE ISN'T
A SHRED OF HISTORICAL
EVIDENCE THAT A JESUS
CHRIST EVER EXISTED

EVERY KNEE SHALL
BEND TO HIM AND
EVERY TONGUE
SHALL PRAISE
HIS NAME

GO GROVEL
BEFORE CHRIST'S
CADAVER,
CLERIC!

BUT EVEN IF CHRIST IS A MYTH, HE
WAS A MAN OF HUMBLE ORIGINS AND
A GOD OF COMPASSION

LISTEN TO WHAT
CHRISTIANS THEMSELVES
SAY, THEY WANT ALL OF
HUMANITY ON ITS KNEES,
BESIDES, THERE HAS BEEN MORE
DEATH AND SUFFERING IN CHRIST'S
NAME THAN IN THE NAME OF SATAN

ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE SIEGE FAILED.
AS FOOD DWINDLED, PETS BECAME
SCARCE

HERE
BOY!

RRRRRRRR

THIS WAS REFLECTED IN
THE MARKET PLACE

BUT THIS MEAT COSTS
SEVEN TIMES AS MUCH
AS LAST
WEEK!

YES THINGS ARE
DIFFICULT FOR EVERYONE

BUT I HAVE BEEN
COMING TO YOUR SHOP
FOR MANY YEARS

PLEASE STAND ASIDE
... AH MONSIEUR HOW
CAN I HELP YOU!

NABILITY OF THE GOVERNMENT
TO BREAK OUT TRIGGERED RIOTS
FROM WORKING CLASS BATTALIONS
OF THE PARISIAN "NATIONAL GUARD"

JACQUES AND RAYMOND WERE SENT BACK TO THE FRONT WHERE THEY WITNESSED THE NATIONAL GUARD THROWN INTO BATTLE WITH ANCIENT MUSKETS



STILL THE FIGHTING WAS NOT OVER

THERE ARE RUMORS THAT
YOUR UNIT IS GOING
TO MONTMARTRE
RAYMOND

YES CLAIRE, THE
GOVERNMENT WANTS
US TO RETRIEVE
FOR THEM THE CANNON
THE CITIZENS HID
FROM THE GERMANS.
THEY NOW TURN
US UPON OUR OWN
COUNTRY MEN

ON FEBRUARY THE GOVERNMENT
CAPITULATED. TROOPS OF THE NEWLY
FORMED GERMAN EMPIRE WERE
ALLOWED TO STRUT THROUGH PARIS

WHY ARE YOU TAKING OUR
CANNONS?

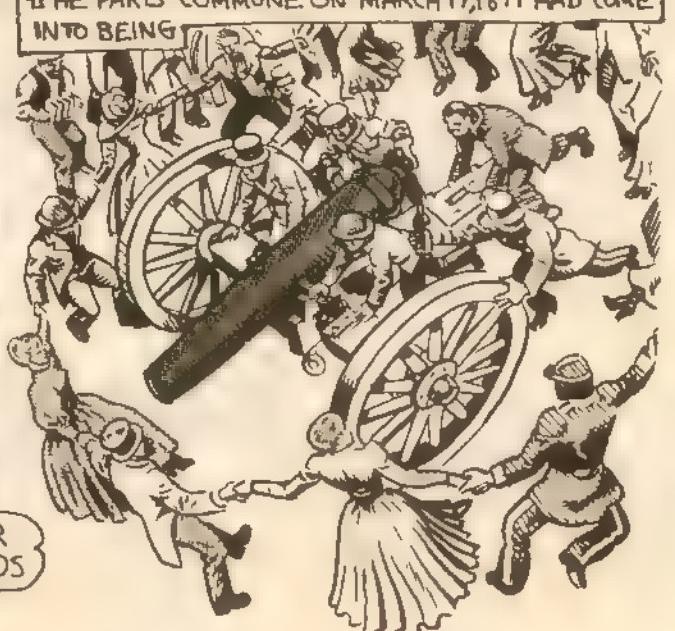
RESENTMENT TOWARD THE OFFICER
CORPS SPILLED OUT. TWO GENERALS
(INCLUDING ONE WHO HAD SUPPRESSED
AN EARLIER REVOLT) WERE SHOT BY
THEIR OWN MEN

ALL THESE BIG SHOTS
WHO RUN THINGS DON'T
GIVE A DAMN ABOUT PEOPLE
LIKE YOU AND ME, WHY
DO THEIR DIRTY WORK?

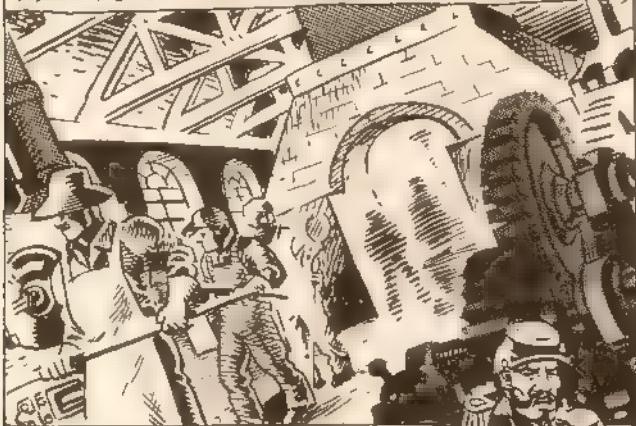
BUT THE PEOPLE OF
MONTMARTRE HAD OTHER IDEAS



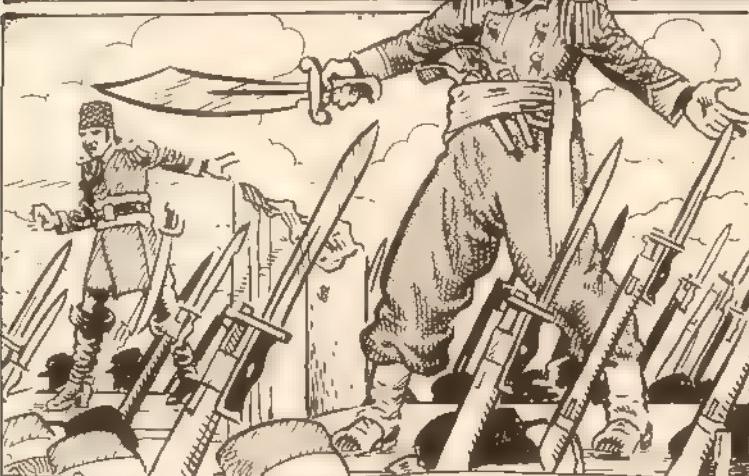
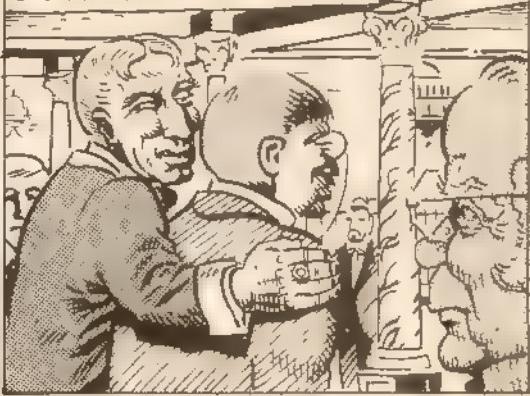
THE PARIS COMMUNE ON MARCH 19, 1871 HAD COME
INTO BEING



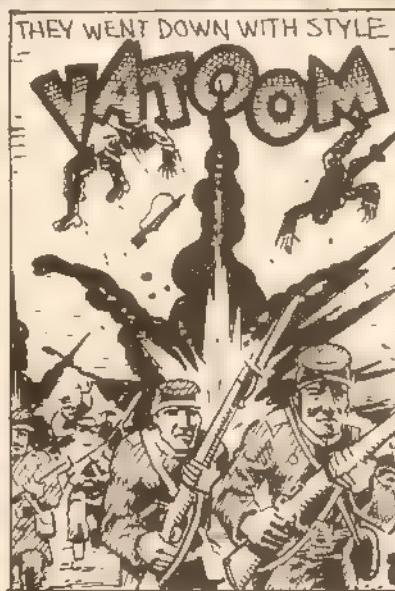
MANY FACTORY OWNERS LEFT PARIS BUT OPERATIONS CONTINUED UNDER FOREMEN ELECTED BY THE WORKERS THEMSELVES



AN OFFICIAL WHO WAS SENT TO TAKE OVER THE NATIONAL BANK WAS HOODWINKED BY THE CRAFTY BANKERS, THIS WAS THE COMMUNE'S FIRST MISTAKE



THE COMMUNE ALSO NEGLECTED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S DEMORALIZED FLIGHT TO VERSAILLES. IN APRIL THEY REALIZED THEIR ERROR AND ASSEMBLED AN ARMY, MANY OF ITS OFFICERS SPORTING OUTLANDISH UNIFORMS



BESIDES CLEAN STREETS AND LACK OF CRIME, OTHER CHANGES OCCURRED..

RAOUL
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED?
YOU LOOK
SO....
DIFFERENT

AS PREFECT
OF POLICE
ONE MUST
CULTIVATE
AN IMAGE
OF ORDER

WHO ARE YOU
EMPLOYED BY?
WHERE DOES
HE LIVE?

GOD!

EVERY WHERE!

TAKE THIS DOWN: EMPLOYED BY
ONE CALLED GOD, A VAGRANT
RAOUL ORDERED THE ARREST OF
PROMINENT CLERGY IN AN ATTEMPT
TO TRADE THEM FOR SOCIALIST
LEADER, AUGUSTE BLAQUI

BUT MEANWHILE, CHAOS
IN THE LEADING COUNCILS
HINDERED PREPARATIONS
FOR THE INEVITABLE
ASSAULT BY TROOPS
FROM VERSAILLES



AS FEAR OF ATTACK MOUNTED A MAN WAS BROUGHT BEFORE RAOUL

HE WAS CAUGHT DRAWING THE EASTERN GATES

I WILL PERSONALLY VOUCH FOR THIS MAN. MONSIEUR RENOIR, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN

THE LAST OF THE OUTER FORTS FELL ON MAY 13

ANOTHER GREAT PAINTER, GUSTAVE COURBET ENCOURAGED PARISIANS TO TOPILE A SYMBOL OF HATED MILITARISM, THE VENDOME COLUMN, IN A FINAL GESTURE OF DEFIANCE

KRAKUM



WHEN IT CAME, DEFENSE WAS HINDERED BY POOR ORGANIZATION. EVEN THE CANNONS ON STRATEGIC MONTMARTRE HEIGHTS HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO DETERIORATE



BUT EVEN THOUGH THE ATTACK WAS IMMINENT THERE WERE THOSE WHO STILL MAINTAINED...

THIS IS THE END OF MILITARISM, IT DIED AT METZ AND SEDAN. LET THE TROOPS OF VERSAILLES COME, WE DON'T NEED MILITARY TRAINING TO DEFEAT THEM



PARIS FOUGHT BACK GROUPS LIKE "THE LOST CHILDREN" BATTLED MORE FOR THEIR OWN NEIGHBORHOODS THAN THE COMMUNE ITSELF



WIDE BOULEVARDS REDESIGNED DURING
THE EMPIRE ENABLED GOVERNMENT TROOPS
TO OUT FLANK THE DEFENDERS

QUICK! OVER HERE
THEY'RE COMING UP RUE
ST. GERMAIN

TO COVER THEIR FLIGHT BUILDINGS WERE
TORCHED BY RETREATING COMMUNARDS

STILL FOR A "BLOODY WEEK" THE PEOPLE OF THE
COMMUNE HELD OUT AGAINST THE INVADERS
FROM THE PROVINCES FILLED WITH HATRED
AND CONSERVATISM

RAOUL DIED A REBEL'S
DEATH..

VIVE LA COMMUNE

UNH!

AS RAYMOND AND JACQUES
FOUGHT ON

THEY'RE ALL AROUND
US NOW. LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE CUT OFF

NOT QUITE
YET MY
FRIEND

THE TWO MEN ESCAPED THROUGH
THE SEWERS OF PARIS

HERE WE ARE LIKE
FLEEING ANIMALS

IF YOU KILL A MAN
YOU MUST FEAR HIS
FRIENDS YET EACH DAY
WE FEAR LESSLY KILL
THOUSANDS OF ANIMALS
SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S REVENGE
THAT SEPARATES MEN FROM ANIMALS

BLAM BLAM BOAM POK

THEY RETURN TO PARIS TO FIND A SCENE OF CARNAGE



SHE WAS FIGHTING IN THE WOMENS DETACHMENT OF LOUISE MICHELE



AFTER THEY WERE CAPTURED SHE WAS TAKEN OUT ALONG WITH THE OTHERS AND SHOT. I BELIEVE IT WAS A CAPTAIN LA FLEUR, JUST RELEASED BY THE GERMANS WHO GAVE THE ORDER

BTAM BLAMM



HOW COULD THEY DO THIS THING! SURELY THE WORLD WILL CONDEMN THIS ATROCITY JUST AS IT DID THE TERROR OF 1792*



NO MY FRIEND HISTORY IS WRITTEN BY THE FRIENDS OF THE WEALTHY IT DOES NOT CONCERN ITSELF WITH ATROCITIES AGAINST THE POOR

TIME PASSES; JACQUES HAS NOT SEEN RAYMOND FOR YEARS

THAT GENERAL LA FLEUR IS JUST BACK FROM AFRICA. HE CERTAINLY CUTS A SPLENDID FIGURE



THEN...



THE ASSASSIN IS QUICKLY GUNNED DOWN. TRUE TO THE ANARCHIST CODE HE HAS REFUSED TO TURN HIS GUN ON COMMON SOLDIERS



WHAT HAS BROUGHT YOU TO THIS FATE I MAY NEVER KNOW BUT SLEEP WELL, MY FRIEND

* IN THE TERROR THAT FOLLOWED THE PARIS COMMUNE OVER FIFTEEN TIMES AS MANY MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE KILLED AS WERE DURING THE BETTER KNOWN FRENCH REVOLUTION

PUBLIC ENEMY

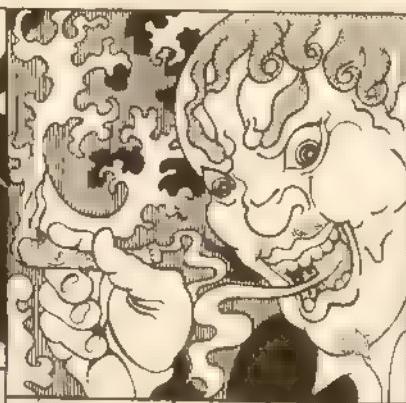


THERE WAS A LITTLE JUDGE WHO HAD A LITTLE SON

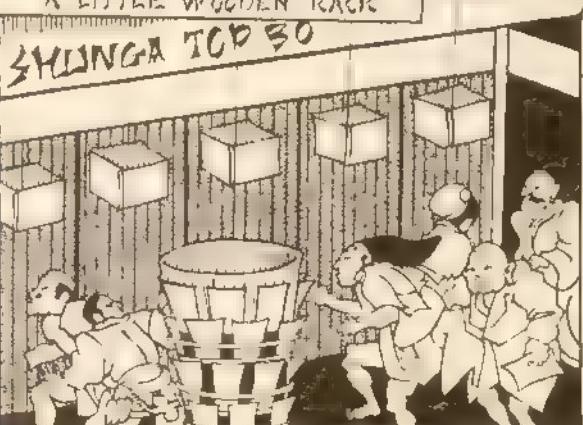
WHO OPENED UP A RECORD STORE IN LONDON TOWN



HE CARRIED COMIC BOOKS ON A LITTLE WOODEN RACK



SHUNGA RECORDS



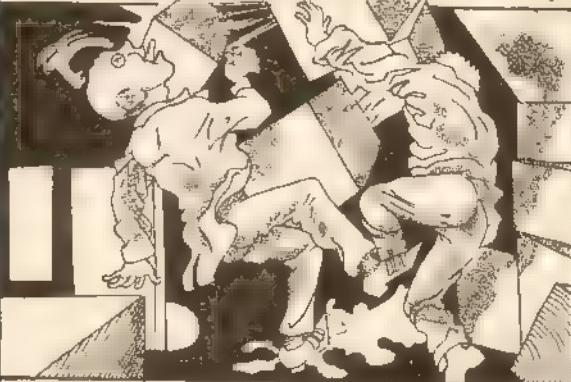
AND THE VICE SQUAD
POINT THE COMPANY WHO
TOOK A PROFIT BACK



NO!
I'LL CARRY THEM!

THE LITTLE COMIC COMPANY GOT
BUSTED EVERY YEAR

THE OWNERS LIVED LIKE GAZDIN
GHOSTS HIDING OUT IN FEAR



THEIR LADY AUTHOR CAME TO COURT
THE JUDGE FOUND HER OBSCENE



HE READ HER COMIC FRONT TO BACK
BEHIND A COURTLY SCREEN

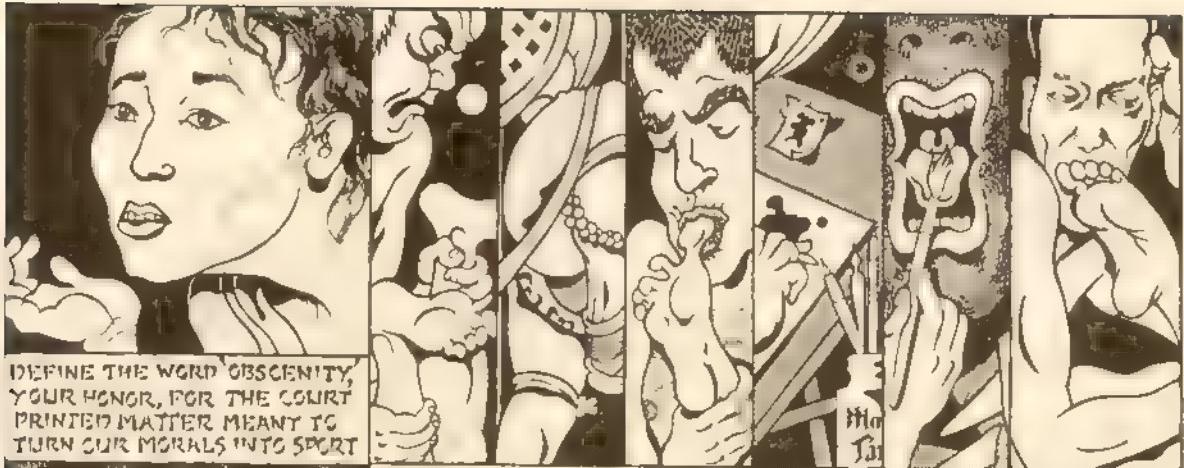


WHAT HAVE YOU NOW TO SAY MY DEAR,
BEFORE I BURN THE LOT?



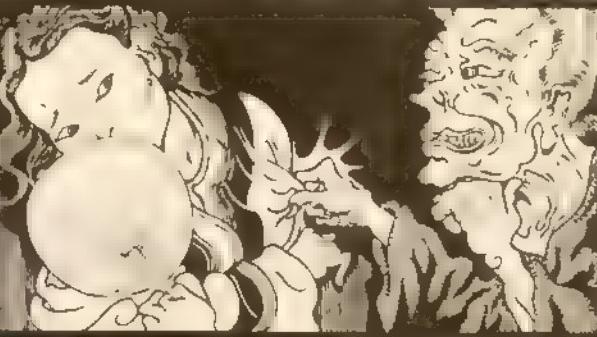
EDAVI
ON
EDVIA
THE LADY AUTHOR LOOKED AROUND,
THEN TWITCHING, SHE STOOD UP





IF MY LIFE SEEMS OBSCENE TO YOU, IT WASN'T MEANT TO BE. I SIMPLY DREW FROM
WHAT I KNEW - THE MEN AND WOMEN NEAR TO ME, A TYPICAL ASSORTMENT -
RARE AND DEVIANT BEASTS WHO HANG AROUND THE CLUBS AND BARS
TRADING INSULTS, PAIN AND YEASTS

IF TRUTH IS
PORNOGRAPHIC
WHEN DEMONSTRATED
IN THE ARTS
DON'T BLAME
THE ARTIST -
BLAME HER
WORLD.
SHE'S JUST
OBSERVING
FACTS



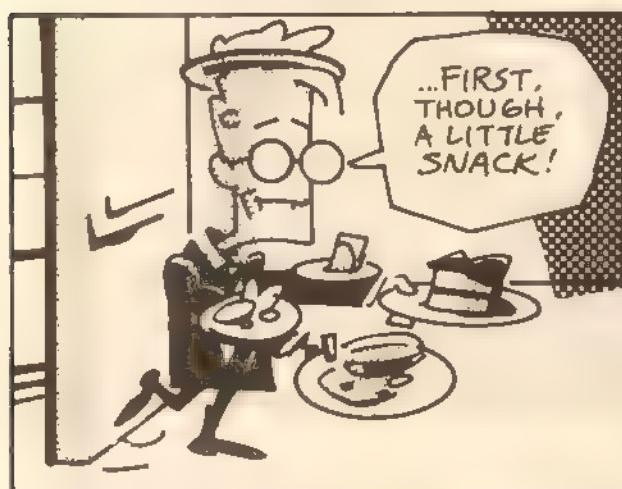
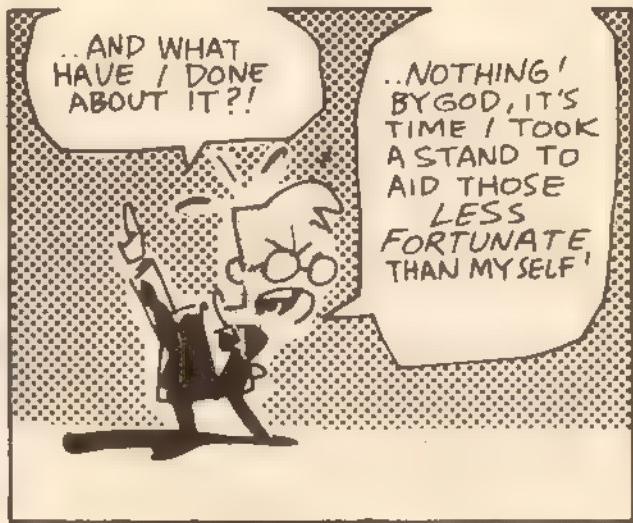
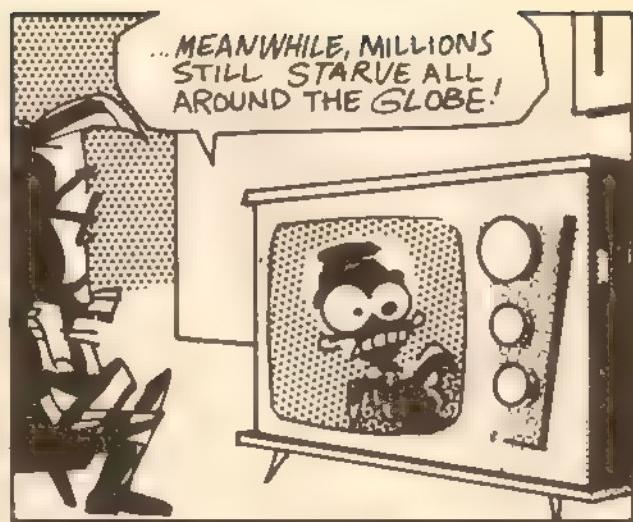
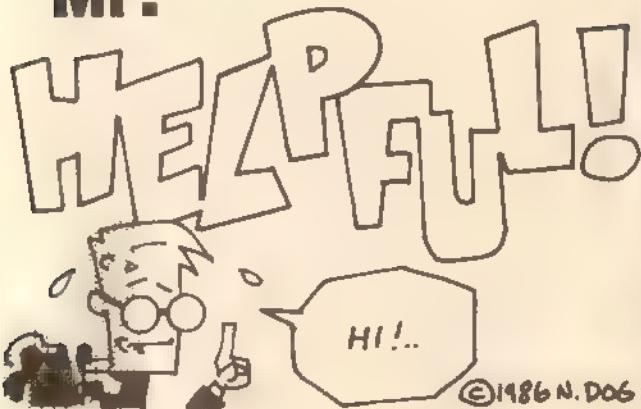
THANK YOU
FOR YOUR
TESTIMONY.
I'VE LISTENED
CAREFULLY.
I SHALL
READ YOUR
BOOK
AGAIN
BEFORE I
JUDGE YOUR
PUPA.

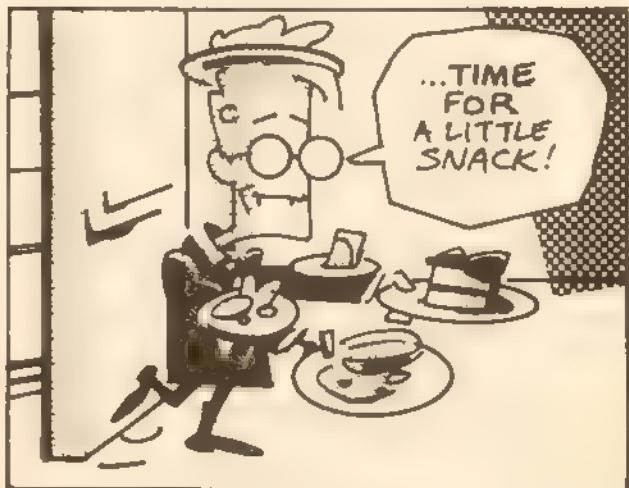
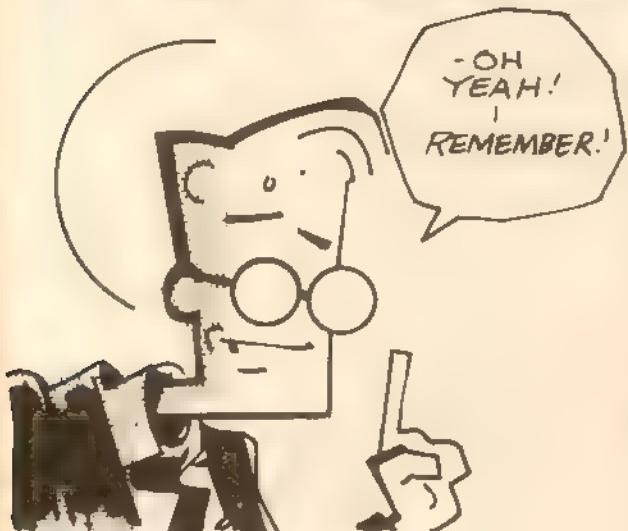
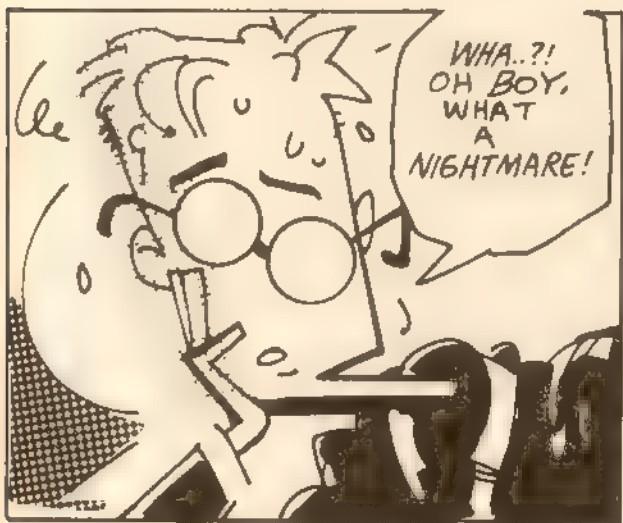
HER BOOK
WAS TAKEN
OFF THE RACKS
ALL COPIES
BURNISHED TO
GRIE IN JUDG-
GE'S SON'S BIG
RECORD SHOP
THE MILITIA'S
SEX BOOKS
STILL SIT

NAMETAG BY HANNES
D. ARE HELI ADVENTURE

LOOK OUT! HERE COMES

Mr.





**CONFIRM YOUR WORST
SUSPICIONS WITH**

ANARCHY

C O M I C S



Ha ha ha! What's so funny anyway? You have to piddle in a 'bottle just to get a menial job frying potatoes; bad drugs have boiled all your brain cells away; you've got a body radiation count higher than chicken Kiev and wars are breaking out faster than a terminal case of acne!

Well, if you find yourself losing faith in your government, don't expect us to give it back to you! However, **ANARCHY COMICS** does deliver a solid alternative: a one-two punch to the glass jaw of The Conspiracy! We'll keep you abreast of today's fast-breaking social collapse as it happens. You can be confident that **ANARCHY COMICS** will continue to serve you up historical veracity with hysterical velocity!

A LAST GASP COMIC



EXECUTIVE TERRORISM

by S. Zorba

© 1987

The President winced as his most trusted aide, White House Chief of Staff Toby Manus, pulled taut the ropes that bound his executive behind to the straight backed chair. "Christ, Toby," snapped the squirming president, "I know we're trying to make this look realistic, but leave a little blood flowing so I don't pass out during the broadcast!"

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir," toadied Toby, bending over to loosen slightly the hemp bonds. "It's just that the Professor wants to zoom in for a close-up shot of the ropes just before the 'SWAT team' breaks in to 'rescue' you. He says that will help build sympathy among the voters for you."

"Bah," sputtered the President, "sympathy, schmpathy! If this goes right, there won't be any more voters. There won't be any more Congress or Senate, for that matter. I just want an excuse to declare a State of Emergency. This little trick oughtta do it!"

Toby edged over to the video camera and began adjusting the image as the Chief Exec raged on, "OK, let's go over this one last time. The Professor breaks in on all the regular TV channels. . . ."

"All except Playboy, Disney and Pat Robertson, boss," interrupted the always obsequious Toby. "Even the Prof couldn't figure out how to pirate those cables."

The President snarled as he assessed his visage in the monitor. "Move the camera a little to the right," he ordered. "Gotta make sure the Professor captures my best side."

His mouth contorted into his famous calculated smile and he went on, "Tits, ducks and Jesus Who gives a shit? At least my 'kidnapping' went without a hitch. Let's get back to the scenario."

"Right," enthused his lackey. "No more kid gloves. Now you can squash all those slimy rabble rousers who've been protesting your new detention camps and our involvement in all those third world wars and . . ."

"Can the crap," barks the President. "Just as you put the machine gun to my throat, the SWAT team bursts in, shoots the place up, 'rescues' me and . . . Where are your ski-masks anyway? Nobody's gonna believe international terrorists without ski-masks. After all, this is TV!"

"Your wife is bringing them, sir," fawned Toby.

The Prexy's brow furrowed into an evil arch as he strained to look at his left wrist, "What time is it? It must be nearly time to go on the air. This is just like the old days in Hollywood Hell, where is she?"

On cue, the First Lady waltzed through the

door. Her glossy black hair was swept up into a mushroom cascade and her shiny skin-tight pants caught the klieg light's glare. Pulling a couple of day-glo ski masks out of her voluminous purse, she purred, "I know you said black masks, but the fall lines aren't in yet and all I could find were these horrid little numbers."

Now it was Toby's turn to wince as she handed him his hot pink mask. Yanking it over his perfectly groomed hair and adjusting the eye holes, he turned to see the First Lady facing him, holding her Ingram in a classic "Tanya" Hearst pose.

"Fucking morons," fumed the President. "Surrounded by imbeciles. Where's the Professor anyway?"

"He's checking all the computer and satellite connections one last time before we break in on the airwaves," placated Toby.

"Never fear, sanity is here," boomed the Professor as he barreled into the room, his starched white lab coat flapping about his knees.

"Ten seconds to showtime," giggled the President's wife as she pulled her mask on over her curls. "I love show biz."

"This is going to be one classy terrorist communique," beamed the Professor.

"Is the SWAT team ready in the hallway?" queried the anxious President.

"The 'SWAT team' was never invited," offered the suddenly assertive Toby as he strapped a piece of duct tape over the President's mouth.

The politician's eyes bulged with fearful fury.

"Perfect," grinned the Professor. So righteous. So indignant. And he's not even acting. OK, everybody five, four, three, two . . ."

Instantly, all across America, TV screens flashed the image of three masked terrorists holding machine pistols to the missing President's head. A digitally distorted voice-over, that of the Professor, could be heard. "Mr President," the voice intoned, "we of the Evolutionist Liberation Front accuse you of unforgivable crimes against nature, humanity and your country. You have been judged and found guilty. In short. . ."

The President waxed apoplectic under his gag. This wasn't the speech he had prepared for the Professor! When he squealed inside his fetters, Toby whacked him upside his head with the butt of his weapon.

". . .the gig," continued the Professor, "is up."

Panicked, the President of the United States twisted around, confidant that his wife would end this increasingly bizarre charade. But, alas, beyond the second gun, pointed dead on his temple, he saw her engaged in a deep passionate kiss with the day glo masked Toby.

The last thing he ever heard was the sound of both guns as they were cocked.



ANARCHY #1 — \$2.50

International comic anarchy from England, France, Germany and the U.S.—Top Notch Kinney, Spain, Harper, Mavrides, more!



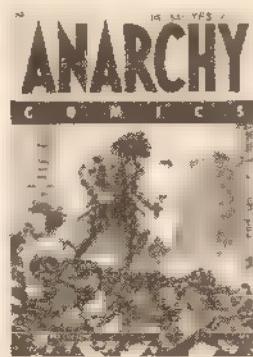
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LAST GASP COMICS

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I enclose \$ _____ for _____ copies of (specify)

ANARCHY #1

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Include \$1.50
for postage
with order

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MASTERCARD and VISA (AKA Big Brother) accepted

\$1.00 for complete LAST GASP catalog of commodity items. (Must be 18 for catalog.)

"I am over 18
years of age."

Signature _____

IF YOU LIKE WINNERS AND YOU
THINK BIG IS BETTER - YOU'LL
LOVE THESE GUYS - FOR AFTER
SEVERAL FALSE STARTS
NATURE FINALLY CREATED
A REALLY HIGH CLASS
ANIMAL! THE...



IT COULD EAT ANYTHING SMALLER THAN
IT WAS (AND EVERYTHING WAS)

THEY PROSPERED!

DO YOU
EVER WONDER
ABOUT THE
MORALITY?
THE LEGALITY
OF IT ALL?

ARE YOU NUTS?
HEY, MISTER.
WE MAKE
THE LAWS!

3M

DARN,
RIGHT,
GREED IS
THE FIRST
LAW OF THE
UNIVERSE.

TRW

BUT THEN ONE DAY AN ABERRATION
HATCHED FROM A MUTANT EGG - THE
FIERCE ARBITRAGEDON - BOSKII!

FIRST
I'LL EAT
MY MOM.

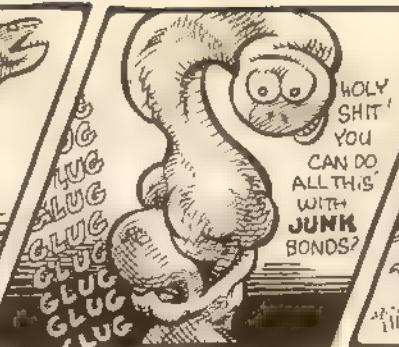
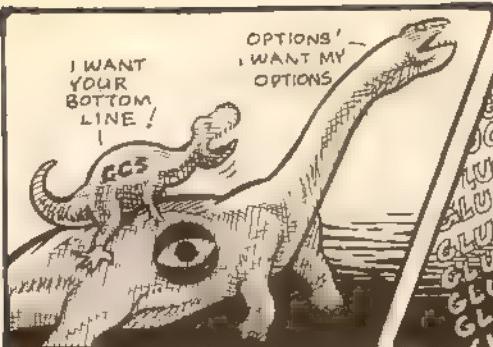
IT CAUSED
GREAT
CONCERN:



IT'S OUR MONOPOLISTIC
GENE GONE MAD! IT
CAN GOBBLE UP
ANYTHING BIGGER
THAN IT IS!

GASP!
AND ONLY
WE ARE!





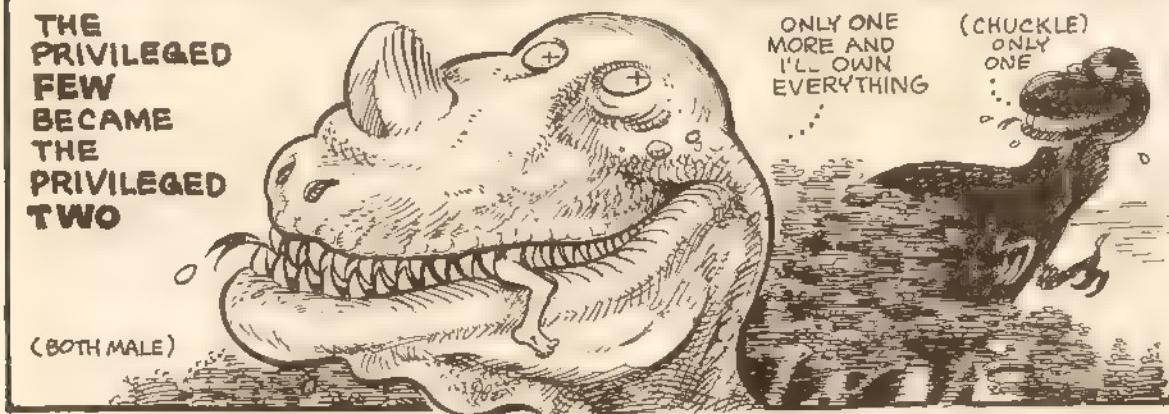
THE ARBITRAGE DON WAS AN ESPECIALLY VICIOUS LIFE-FORM AND SOON DEVASTATED THE STABLE CORPORATE WORLD - UNTIL THE LOGIC OF TOTAL CONSUMPTION REACHED ITS ULTIMATE CONCLUSION:

**THE
PRIVILEGED
FEW
BECAME
THE
PRIVILEGED
TWO**

(BOTH MALES)

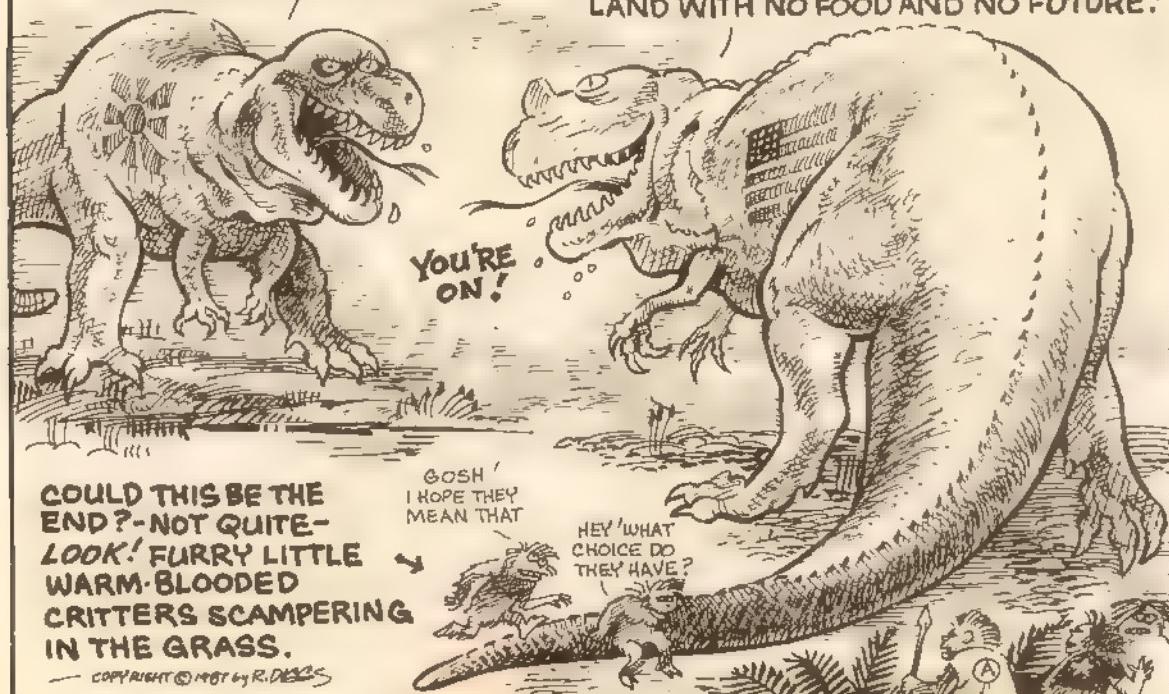
ONLY ONE
MORE AND
I'LL OWN
EVERYTHING

(CHUCKLE)
ONLY
ONE



**PREPARE TO DIE YOU BUCKET
OF CREEPING CRUD - 'CUZ I'M
GOING TO EAT YOU ASS !**

AT LAST, THE FINAL STROKE OF DOOM!
ONE TO DIE GLORIOUSLY IN BATTLE AND
ONE TO SLOWLY STARVE IN A BARREN
LAND WITH NO FOOD AND NO FUTURE!

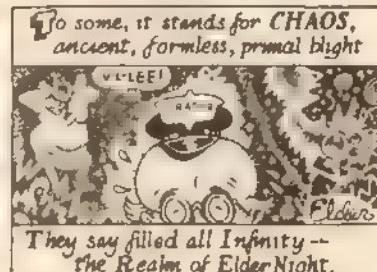


COULD THIS BE THE
END?-NOT QUITE-
LOOK! FURRY LITTLE
WARM-BLOODED
CRITTERS SCAMPERING
IN THE GRASS.

GOSH !
I HOPE THEY
MEAN THAT

HEY! WHAT
CHOICE DO
THEY HAVE?

ANARCHY-PANARCHY



Which young folks write on walls, and (let us hope) they understand.

There's many things to many folks, so let's look at the word; We'll see if we can clarify what rumors we have heard



The Anarchists believe, then, to be "governed" is a SIN,

ONLY IN A SECULAR SENSE! HEH! HEH!!

Rule from above they do not love -- "rule" must come from within.

No bureaucrats, no plutocrats, no warring nation state!



No armaments of death, to cleave the lowly from the great!



No taxes, jails, or prison camps, no spies or spooks can be In that brave world where flies the ebon flag of Anarchy!



These fat cats, now, these plutocrats --
I hear them yowl and whine.
"Such fairy tales ring up no sales!"
"There is no world but mine!"

It's their Ideal which is unreal --
for, surely, it must be.
The march of human progress
is a march toward Anarchy!

When Government shall wither, and
all boundary lines abate,
As every person takes on all the functions
of the state.



I'm my own tax collector --
I decide what money's spent!

I am my own police force,
uncorrupt, without a flaw!

The only "border" I
respect is someone else's
skin.

For, as a wise man said
once, and I tell my foes
(and friends),



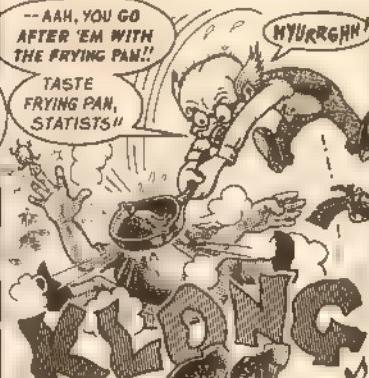
Of course, it may take time for these enlightened views to spread,

The struggle must be carried on.
And let all those take care

So now we see that Anarchy,
however we extend it,
Must equal Pan-archy..



And therefore we must gird our loins
for that which lies ahead



Who would abridge my freedom.
-- Despots, tyrants -- all beware!





The Federation of Planets
extends greetings to Planet Earth and its people.



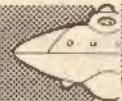
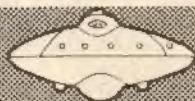
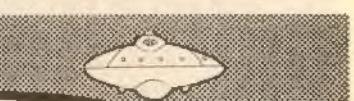
We offer you access to
the technology of a
thousand worlds.



The civilization of this planet
is still too primitive to
use this knowledge wisely.



Please return at a
later date.



Cover-up Lowdown!

Jammed Again!

THESE M-16'S ARE WORTHLESS! FERNANDO! RUN DOWN TO THE ARMS MART AND PICK UP SOME NEW AUTOMATICS!

AW... COLONEL! DO I HAVE TO?

CLIC CLIC



WOULD FRENCH GIATS DO?

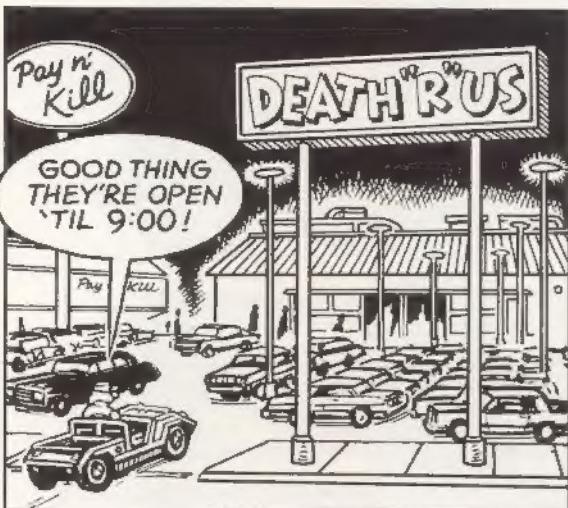
NO, NO! TRY PAKISTANI 63A3'S OR MAYBE ISRAELI 5.56'S.



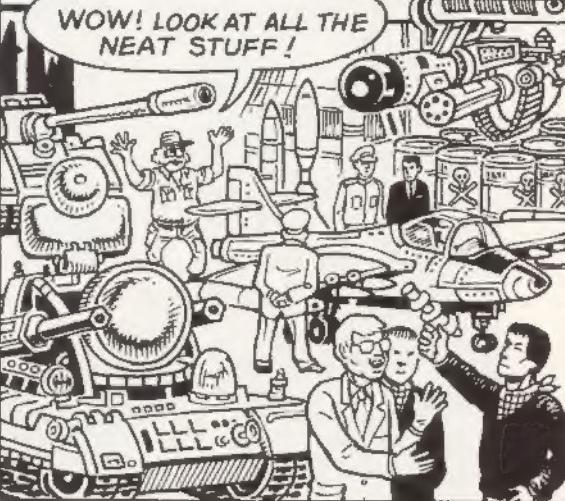
Pay n' Kill

DEATH 'R US

GOOD THING THEY'RE OPEN 'TIL 9:00!



WOW! LOOK AT ALL THE NEAT STUFF!



UH—UH—
LEMME SEE THE
LASER-SIGHTED
ULTIMAX 100...

OH THAT? I'M
SURE YOU'D LIKE
THE CHINESE D-5
PULSE RIFLE
BETTER...OR THE
NEW CYBERNETIC
SERVICE .45
WITH OPTIONAL
A.I. CHIP?!



© 1985 by
MAVRIDES & KINNEY

YOU IDIOT! WHERE ARE OUR GUNS?
THEY HAD A GREAT 2 FOR 1
CLOSE OUT SALE ON
SHIP-TO-SHIP MISSLES!
WHAT SAVINGS!

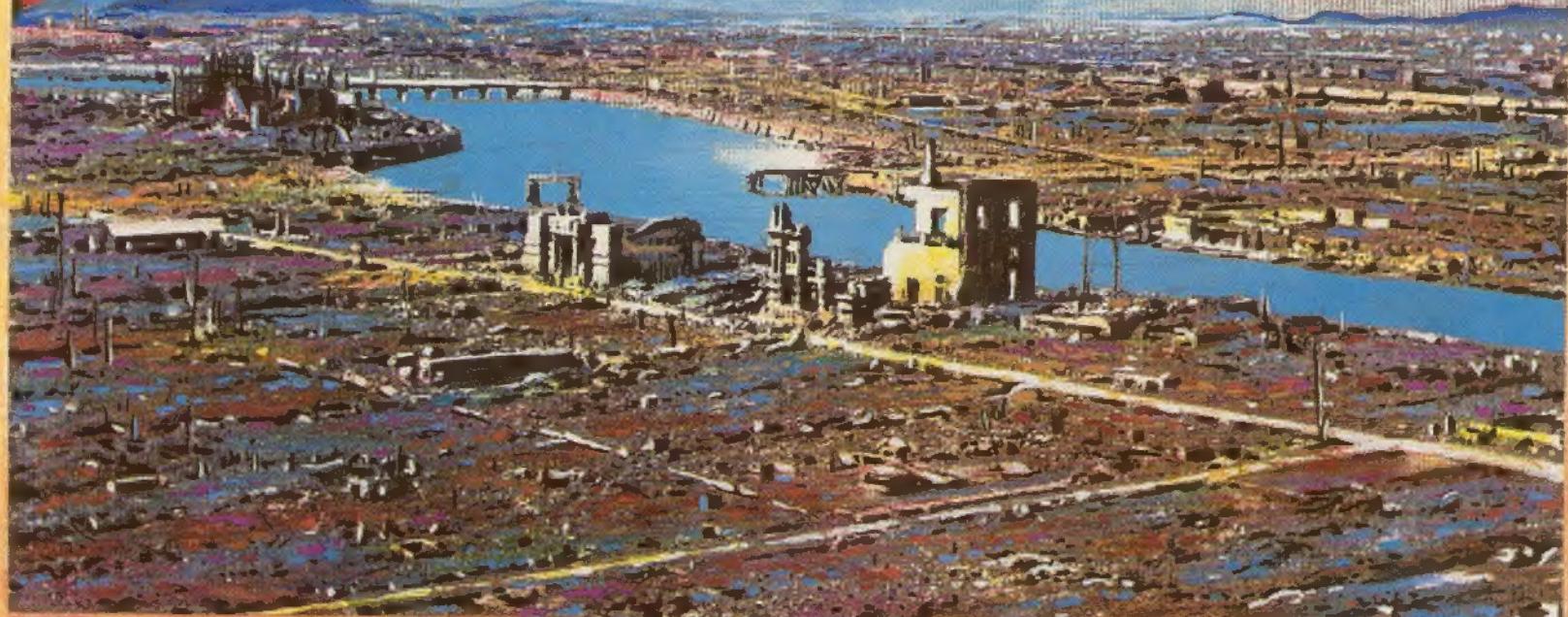
AY YI YI! THAT
WAS OUR CIA
FUNDING FOR THE
WHOLE WEEK!



G R E E T I N G S F R O M

H I R O S H I M A

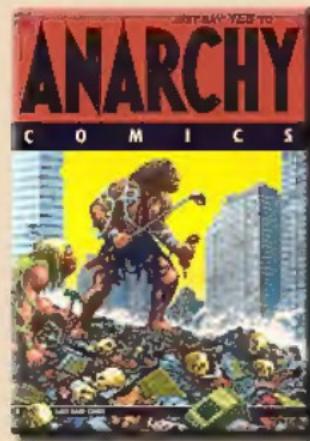
J A P A N



U.S. Air Force

PAUL MAVRIDES © 1987

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(1st edition)

Last Gasp

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Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX

Stories:

- 3 - Armageddon Outtaherel
- 13 - Two Petrol Bombs
- 17 - You Rule The World
- 21 - 1871 (to Robert Williams)
- 31 - Public Enemy
- 34 - Mr. Helpful
- 36 - Executive Terrorism
- 38 - Korporate Rex
- 40 - Anarchy=Panarchy
- 42 - Greetings To Planet Earth
- 43 - Cover-up Lowdown
- 44 - Greetings From Hiroshima

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- Jay Kinney - 3-12+, 43+
- Clifford Harper - 13-18
- Norman Dog - 17-20, 34-35
- Spain Rodriguez - 21-30
- Melinda Gebbie - 31-33
- S. Zorca - 36-37(text)
- R. Diggs - 38-39
- Hal S. Robbins - 40-41
- Byron Werner - 42

Comments:

Comix inspired by or based on anarchist ideas and history in the belief that the true terrorists are governments and corporations who hold us hostage with their armaments, militaries, and intelligence activities.